Prin. O my ſweet beefe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

Pr. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with unwaſht hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I, prayſe them. *Prince. Bardoll.* *Bar.* My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
To my brother *Iohn*: this to my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Goe, *Peto*, to horſe: for thou and I
Have thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:
Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Mony and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! *Hoſteſſe*, my breakfaſt, come,
Oh, I could wiſh this Taverne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſayd, my noble *Scot*, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not through flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should goe ſo generall currant through the world:
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongue of ſoothers, but a braver place
In my hearts love hath no man then your ſelfe,
Nay taske me to my word, approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Doe ſo, and 'tis well: what letters have you there
but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe

Meſſ. He can not come, my Lord, he is grievous ſick

Hot. Zounds, how haz he leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his power?
Under whoſe government come they along?

Meſſ. His letters beare his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

Meſſ. He did my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth.
And at the time of my departure hence,
He was much feard by his Phyſicion.

Wor. I would the ſtate of times had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had bin viſited:
His health was never better worth then now.

Hot. Sick now? droope now? this ſicknes doth infe
The very life-blood of our enterprize,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation,
Could not ſo ſoon be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remov'd, but on his owne;
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſment,
That with our ſmall conjunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

War. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our States,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre?
It were not good, for therein ſhould we read